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DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann Street, N. Y.

# THE MARRIED LOVERS

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

*Arranged for the American Stage*

BY HAROLD SANDER

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FITZGERALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION  
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DICK & FITZGERALD  
18 Vesey Street New York City

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# THE MARRIED LOVERS

## CHARACTERS.

MR. LOLIUS LOVECOTT.....*Himself*  
 SELINA (*née Miss Bugsby*).....*His wife*  
 MRS. LOVECOTT, SR.....*His mother*  
 MRS. BUGSBY.....*His mother-in-law*  
 CLEMENTINA.....*His maid-servant*  
 JOHN JAMES.....*His man-servant*

TIME.—Today. LOCALITY.—A small city.

TIME OF PLAYING.—Forty-five minutes.

## INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES.

Hat, cane and a pair of gloves for JAMES. Photographs for LOLIUS. Letters for LOLIUS and SELINA.

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*no 1.*

## THE MARRIED LOVERS

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SCENE.—*An apartment in the LOVECOTT house. Door in center of rear flat. Sofa, chairs, table with books, writing material, package of photographs and box of cigars; other ornaments and furniture as may be desired.* DISCOVERED LOLIUS and SELINA seated.

SELINA. It seems such a pity that people should get married and quarrel almost as soon as they get home. From what I can hear, George is very hot-headed and not the man to be scolded quietly, and his wife is a perfect Tartar.

LOLIUS. It is reported that a legal separation is contemplated—at all events George has been heard to threaten her with it.

SELINA. How shocking. And oh! Lolius, they were married on the very same day as ourselves.

LOLIUS. And look how happy we are!

SELINA. What a contrast!

LOLIUS. Are we not enough to make every newly married couple die of envy?

SELINA. To think that we have never quarreled about anything!

LOLIUS. Not even over the choice of furniture!

SELINA. Nor in the selection of a home!

LOLIUS. Nor servants!

SELINA. Nor dinner-services!

LOLIUS. Nor table-linen!

SELINA. Nor window-curtains!

LOLIUS. Nor window-plants!

SELINA. Not even in choosing a pussy cat! Oh Lolius!

LOLIUS. Oh Selina! (*They embrace*)

SELINA (*freeing herself*). Ain't we a couple of silly things?

LOLIUS. I dare say old maids and bachelors might view us in that light. I don't!

SELINA. I wonder if we shall always live in such a blissful state of harmony or if our love will wear out as those horribly practical people declare it invariably does?

LOLIUS. Selina, I am surprised you should entertain any such notions for a moment. To do so is to cast a doubt upon *me*! If you have any misgivings as to the duration of your affection, say so at once.

SELINA. Oh, Lolius! How can you talk so cruelly. Indeed, I have every trust in *myself*.

LOLIUS. And in me?

SELINA. In you my trust and faith are almost blind.

LOLIUS. Then we will ever be trusting with each other.

SELINA. Yes, we will be confiding, and open in all things, great and small; never letting the tongue of scandal influence the action of our lives; and when trouble comes, together we will lean upon one another, and bear the weight of woe as man and wife should, for in unity there is strength, and in love that strength is redoubled.

LOLIUS. Hear, hear! Well done, Selina. I say, don't you think you could write a novel? Such a speech in the mouth of the heroine would make you famous.

SELINA. I prefer contentment to fame; but you have reminded me that I want my library books exchanged. I've read this novel, at least, partly, but I don't like it. Altogether too dry!

LOLIUS. Very well. I have to go to town and will get something more to your taste.

SELINA. Why not let John James go?

LOLIUS. In the first place because it was John James who brought you these, that you don't care for, and secondly because I have some business to transact with my banker—cash to draw, and a few other little matters to arrange. (*Rings bell*) There are the photographs that I brought last night—(*Hands her photographs*)—you might glance over them in my absence.

ENTER JOHN JAMES.

JOHN JAMES. Ring, Sir?

LOLIUS. Bring my hat, gloves and walking-stick—not the one I used this morning—the Malacca cane.

JOHN JAMES. Yes, Sir.

[EXIT.

SELINA. You'll not be long, will you, Lolly?

LOLIUS. Oh, dear no! There's nothing to detain me that I am aware of.

RE-ENTER JOHN JAMES, *who places hat on his master's head and pushes stick under his arm from behind, then confronts him and presents gloves.*

LOLIUS. That is a liberty, John James!

JOHN JAMES. Indeed, Sir, I thought you called it a malacker cane just now, sir!

LOLIUS. You misunderstand me, I say that to put my hat on, and to place my cane under my arm, are impertinent actions or liberties.

JOHN JAMES. Oh, you don't like it! Why, sir, the last gent what I had the honor to serve would have kicked me if I didn't do everything for him, sir. Used to light his cigar for him, sir, scratch his head for him, sir, and it's a fact, sir, I had to do everything for him, sir.

LOLIUS. Then remember for the future that I am not your former master but your present one, and that such excessive attention is not required. [EXIT.

JOHN JAMES. Very well, sir. Did you speak, ma'am?

SELINA. No, but I was about to do so. Who *was* your former employer, John James?

JOHN JAMES. I don't suppose you'd know him. He was a German officer, Count Carl Von Saxwemur Sharpshooter.

SELINA. What a terrible name.

JOHN JAMES. Yes, ma'am; but then you see he was a terrible *man*, which made up for it. I daren't no more have said "can't" or "what for" than jump out of a three story window. He'd thought nothing of running a bayonet into my ribs or pitching me over the stair-railings.

SELINA. What a terrible man.

JOHN JAMES. Yes, ma'am; and he'd got terrible ways, which made up for it. If he didn't feel extra well he'd blame me for it, just as if I could help it. But worst of all was when he took a fancy to a girl what sang in the opera. It turned out that all the infection was on his side, and she didn't care a dime for *him*. One night I was sittin' up for him as usual, but somehow I popped off to sleep in the chair, and I was just dreamin' that someone was giving me a handsome present, when something banged me across the ear-hole, and jumpin' up in a dreadful state of infusion, there I sees the "boss" standin' in the door-way and on the floor I spies the thing what had made my ear sing. (*Pauses melodramatically*)

SELINA (*breathlessly*). Yes; and what was it?

JOHN JAMES. What do you think?

SELINA. I've no idea. Do go on!

JOHN JAMES. A diamond bracelet.

SELINA. What an eccentric man.

JOHN JAMES. Yes; but you sees he had lots of money, which made up for it. It seems he'd been offerin' his opera singer the jewelery, and because she wouldn't have it he comes home and gives it me—on the ear. That's the sort of man Count Carl Von Saxwemur Sharpshooter is.

SELINA. Why did you leave his service, John James?

JOHN JAMES. I was just a-comin' to that. Well, I'd been with him for about six months when one morn-



ing—(*Bell heard off*) There goes the bell, ma'am. My tale is like them what comes out in installments—"To be continued in our next." [EXIT.]

SELINA. What an interesting young man that is, of *his class*, of course. Surely this can't be Lolius already.

ENTER MRS. BUGSBY.

SELINA. Ma! Oh, I am so glad.

MRS. BUGSBY. My child, I am glad you *are* glad. I'm just going to buy a few things at Robinson's, and I thought you might wish to purchase something. Well, and how are my turtledoves going on? Does he still continue to behave himself?

SELINA. Behave himself, indeed? Why, ma, we are in Elysium. There is not a moment of our lives that is not almost over-burdened with happiness.

MRS. BUGSBY. That is well. Gather all the honey while the bees are in a good humor. (*Sits*) Where is Mr. Lovecott now?

SELINA. Gone to the library. (*Mention any local library*)

MRS. BUGSBY. To the library? Humph! Why do you keep a man-servant, my dear? Nothing looks more fashionable than a liveried man-servant in a library.

SELINA. I know that, but Lolius has other business in town—private business.

MRS. BUGSBY. So soon?

SELINA. What do you wish to insinuate, ma?

MRS. BUGSBY. Oh! my guileless little daughter! Oh! essence of trusting innocence! Oh! paragon of wives! Is it possible that you have been married a *whole* month and have not mustered either sufficient courage or curiosity to get at the root of your husband's private business?

SELINA. You mistake me—it relates to pecuniary affairs. Lolius tells me anything and everything.

MRS. BUGSBY. I am sorry if I am wrong; but no one has suffered more by the deceitfulness, the duplicity,

and the inconstancy of man than your mother. Oh! my dear child, I had to watch and guard your father very closely.

SELINA. So I have frequently heard you say; and yet everyone who knew poor papa, tells me he was a pattern of goodness and amiability.

MRS. BUGSBY. To the outer world he may have seemed so; but you will permit *me* to know better. Does Lolius show you all his letters?

SELINA. Yes, and in return I show him all *I* receive.

MRS. BUGSBY. And, of course, you would feel injured if he neglected to do so?

SELINA. Certainly. There is no fear of such negligence arising.

MRS. BUGSBY. "If you never doubt, you'll ne'er find out." Suppose you try an experiment by which you may ascertain for certain whether all his correspondence is submitted to you for perusal.

SELINA. I am sorry you should deem an experiment necessary or advisable.

MRS. BUGSBY. If I prove in the right and you in the wrong you will have cause to be thankful.

SELINA. I shall never be thankful to have a husband's duplicity brought home to me, tho' it might be proper that I should be made aware of it, were it existing.

MRS. BUGSBY. That's a sensible girl. All you have to do is to write a letter to Mr. Lovecott in a disguised hand, and conclude it with the word "Anonymous." Introduce loving terms here and there, and altogether make it read as though coming from one of his lady acquaintances. Do you see?

SELINA. I see, but I am very hard of belief in the wisdom of the proceeding. Anything, however, for quietness. (*Sits and writes letter*) There, will that do?

MRS. BUGSBY (*takes letter. Reads*)

Dear Lollipop, since you permitted yourself to be entrapped by the artful Selina Bugsby, no doubt you have the leisure to repent your foolish haste. Lately, as you have passed our house, I have observed the air

of despondency that sits so ill upon you, and tracing the cause to be my refusal of your suit last summer, I have resolved at the cost of a hitherto unblemished name, to alter my decision and fly with you where you list.

Yours always,

ANONYMOUS.

Excellent. Now put it in an envelope and address it to your lesser-half, and I will send a messenger with it a little later on. He cannot then suspect you, and if he does not show you this letter before the night is out, you will know that he is not all your fancy has painted him. Will you go with me to Robinson's?

SELINA. I don't mind. (*Aside*) Oh! that I could assure myself that no evil will follow this experiment. It is now too late to withdraw, even if I would.

[EXIT SELINA and MRS. BUGSBY.]

ENTER JOHN JAMES.

JOHN JAMES. There they go. Ah me! what good masters have bad mother-in-laws it's a caution. She's a bad 'un, if ever there wuz one, but she's on the right side of her daughter, and that makes up for it. Talk about lord of all I surveys; ain't I, just? And now the coast is clear I'm going to go in for lucksry and have a smoke. (*Takes cigar from case on table, lights it, and lies on sofa with his heels in the air*) This is what I call doing the heavy. The afternoon lounge, don't you know! oh! if the master could only see me now!

ENTER CLEMENTINA. JOHN *springs up and conceals cigar.*

JOHN JAMES. Good laws! Clemmy, how you *did* make me jump.

CLEMENTINA. Guilty consciences allus make people jump at nothin'! I suppose you thought it was master. A very good job for you as I'm not your master, or I

should want to know what you was smokin' my cigars for, and what you means by lyin' on my sofy with your heels stuck up.

JOHN JAMES. I'll tell you what it is, Clemmy, if you ever have half a chance of gettin' on my track you don't miss it, I can notice that much.

CLEMENTINA. When I says anything, John James, it's for your good, and you know it.

JOHN JAMES. It is master's cigars that's troublin' you?

CLEMENTINA. To tell the truth, it is. It's not right that you should use things what don't belong to you.

JOHN JAMES. Ain't it, now? Then, what about the piece of steak that you took home to yer mother last Sunday afternoon, eh?

CLEMENTINA (*after a pause*). That piece, as you calls it, was only half-a-pound. And—and—besides, missus give it me!

JOHN JAMES. Did she really? Then I'll ask her whether she did or not when she comes in.

CLEMENTINA. No, John James, don't, don't ask her—because—because——

JOHN JAMES. Because she never gave it to you at all. But look here, I don't want to be hard on you, 'spesh'lly as you seems to be in a penitentiary mood, and I'll not only forgive you for your slang, but I'll promise to keep my mouth shut.

CLEMENTINA. Yes know, John James, it's not as my principle's bad, but I'm natterally charitable.

JOHN JAMES. So you just slips a piece of what's goin' under your arm, when no one's lookin', and does a little act of charity. Just so. And very proper, too! I've no objection as long as you don't interfere with my little charities, d'ye see?

CLEMENTINA. Well, I allus did take you for a right-down straight-up sensible young man, and——

JOHN JAMES. And I allus took you for a very nice lookin' young woman!——

CLEMENTINA. Laws. Did you, though?

JOHN JAMES. I did so. Why, you only wants a new pair of eyes, and your hair frizzled on your forrid, and you'd be taken for a real live professional beauty.

CLEMENTINA. Go on! You're tryin' to blarney me a bit. Oh! you men. You unconstant—deceitful—wicked men! You're all base flatterers.

JOHN JAMES. You doubts my distensions, does you? Now look here, Clemmy, I have had my eye on *you* ever since we came to serve Mr. Lovcott.

CLEMENTINA. I thinks you must have had, or else you'd never had seen me take my mother that bit of steak.

JOHN JAMES. Now, don't be soureaustic! I hates slatire and riddlecule. . . . S'help me! I'm real earnest.

CLEMENTINA. In earnest, indeed! What about?

JOHN JAMES. What do you say to us two gittin' spliced?

CLEMENTINA. Spliced!! Oh, John James! What did you say that word so sudden for. I shall go in highstriks. Oh, dear—catch me, John James——

JOHN JAMES. Not if I knows it. Look out; here comes Missus!

CLEMENTINA (*recovering suddenly*). Where, where? Oh, Heavings! and I've all the back room windies to clean and the dinner to look after.

JOHN JAMES. Hello! What about the highstrikes?

CLEMENTINA. Is Missus comin' really?

JOHN JAMES. Not she. Now be sensible and let's have no faintin' humbug. What do you say to my proposal?

CLEMENTINA. Say! What can I say?

JOHN JAMES (*placing his arm round her*). Say "yes."

CLEMENTINA. I don't know how.

JOHN JAMES. Go on, and no chaff. Say "yes" and have done with it. (*Ring heard off*) There now. It's too late and I shall never ask you again. [EXIT.]

CLEMENTINA. And p'raps that's the last offer I shall have. [EXIT.]

ENTER LOLIUS *with books*, and MRS. LOVECOTT, SR.

LOLIUS. It was indeed strange that I should meet you, especially as your love for the country precludes us the opportunity of seeing you often. When I come to think of it; this is your first visit to the home of your daughter-in-law. Well, and how do you like our crib?

MRS. LOVECOTT. Oh! the place is all right. Rather namby-pambily furnished.

LOLIUS. Selina chose the furniture, mother. Does it not meet your taste?

MRS. LOVECOTT. I should think it didn't! These chairs will all drop to bits in six months. But what can we expect from such a fly-away, giddy girl as Selina?

LOLIUS. Please remember that you are speaking of my wife—not Miss Bugsby, but Mrs. Lovecott.

MRS. LOVECOTT. There you go! Of course I must seal my mouth. Next thing I suppose I shall have to fold my arms, put my feet together, toe the line, keep my head up, eyes straight, and all the rest of it. I, who have had all the trouble of bringing you up—who have educated you and made you what you are—must see you ruined without a protest. Had Selina called me all the wicked old sinners and hypocrites extant, I suppose you would have kissed her and said "hear, hear."

LOLIUS. Nonsense, mother. Did you ever know me to uphold anyone against you. Selina has never uttered your name disrespectfully that I know of.

MRS. LOVECOTT. Perhaps she never mentions it at all, and that's as bad every bit! Where is she now?

LOLIUS. I will enquire. (*Rings bell*) Most probably in the garden. (ENTER JOHN JAMES) Where is Mrs. Lovecott?

JOHN JAMES. Gone out, sir, with Mrs. Bugsby. Said she'd be back soon, sir.

LOLIUS. That will do. [EXIT JOHN JAMES.

MRS. LOVECOTT. Gone out—with her—*mother*. A fine how-d'ye-do. What does *her* mother want here!

LOLIUS. Mrs. Bugsby might ask Selina the same question with respect to you.

MRS. LOVECOTT. Might she? But I don't come teaching you how to spend her daughter's money, because she has none to spend. Mark my words, Mrs. Bugsby will some day try to take the reins in hand here.

LOLIUS. That she never will. Neither my mother-in-law nor Selina's shall ever live beneath the same roof as ourselves.

MRS. LOVECOTT. Don't alarm yourself, Lolius, I shall never attempt it unless Mrs. Bugsby does. If she comes, I come too. They shall not domineer over you and hold all the court-cards in their hands, if I know it! if they want to play their games it shall be all *fours* or nothing.

LOLIUS. My dear mother, you are exciting yourself over impossibilities.

MRS. LOVECOTT. Lolius, I know you—none better. In the hands of women you are like new-made butter. They can mould you into any shape they like. You are so soft.

LOLIUS. I hope you don't mean *here*. (*Taps forehead*)

MRS. LOVECOTT. In heart I mean. That reminds me—are you sure about Selina's heart?

LOLIUS. Do I doubt the existence of the world?—the stars?—my senses of sight, hearing or touch? No!—Neither do I doubt Selina!

MRS. LOVECOTT. Don't be too sure. Recollect what everybody said about her flirting with the drum-major before she ever saw you.

LOLIUS. What, drum-major Bangor! Why, she often laughs over the eccentricities of the fellow—ridicules him, in fact.

MRS. LOVECOTT. Women often laugh when they wish to disguise a deeper feeling—women are a false lot, they always were and are yet.

LOLIUS. You speak as though you were not a woman yourself, mother.

MRS. LOVECOTT. My son, *I* am an exception!

LOLIUS. Doubtless, mother, but not the *only* exception. I claim that distinction for Selina.

MRS. LOVECOTT. I've said as much as I intend to do.

LOLIUS (*reflectively*). Selina false? Drum-major Bangor? Mother, I will test the truth of your suspicions.

MRS. LOVECOTT. I suspect nothing. (*Rises*)

LOLIUS. Stay. I have a plan. Selina and I have made an arrangement to show to each other all letters that arrive from any source. If she received a letter from this drum-major—and still harbored an affection for him—she would not tender it for my perusal. (*Sits and writes*) There, you will see, I have disguised my hand-writing. (*Gives her the letter*)

MRS. LOVECOTT (*reads*).

Dearest, fairest, sweetest,

Behold a drum-major at your tiny feet! Behold in thy hands a heart riddled by the lightning shot of thine eyes. That you love me still I believe, and that I am infatuated I protest. Doubtless you have discovered your mistake by this—doubtless the glamorous scales have fallen from your eyes by now. Say if and where I may meet you once again.—Yours ever,

THE OLD LOVE.

LOLIUS. All that is now required is your assistance in delivering this to Selina. Will you put it in our letter-box in half an hour from now?

MRS. LOVECOTT. Willingly. I can drop it in on my way back to town. (*Going*)

LOLIUS. Stay, I will go with you to the door.

[EXEUNT *both*.]

RE-ENTER LOLIUS *with* SELINA *after short interval*.

SELINA. Was not that your mother, Lolius?

LOLIUS. It was. I suppose *your* mother has been here. Strange they should both call on one day.

SELINA. Did you get the books? Oh! I see they are here. (*Looking at title*) "FAIR BUT FALSE!"



LOLIUS. How do you like the title?

SELINA. It sounds well.

LOLIUS. *Well?*

SELINA. I mean interesting.

LOLIUS (*aside*). What folly! I am letting my mother's suspicions poison my thoughts.

SELINA. What is the matter with you, Lolius? You seem harassed.

LOLIUS. Do I? I suppose it is my headache.

SELINA. Shall I bring my smelling bottle—or would you like your temples bathed with toilet vinegar?

LOLIUS. No thanks. I shall be all right soon.

SELINA (*aside*). He never refused my attentions before! Can my mother's words be true?

ENTER JOHN JAMES *with two letters.*

JOHN JAMES. Letter for you, sir, and one for you, ma'am! [EXIT.]

LOLIUS (*aside*). Now for the grand secret. She has my letter.

SELINA (*aside*). The fatal missive is in his hands. (*They sit as far from each other as possible, back to back, and open letters*)

LOLIUS (*reads aside*)

“POPPLETA CLUB.

With some difficulty we have discovered your new address; kindly forward cheque in payment of enclosed account.

To half-dozen pints of champagne \$18.00, consumed on the night of 23rd Feby. last.”

I think Selina had better not see this. She does not know that I used to attend a club, and then it looks so extravagant. (*Pockets note and watches SELINA*)

SELINA (*reads*)

“You are requested to pay the enclosed bill without further delay.

To dyeing one head of hair from red to brown, \$5.00.”

Perhaps it were best not to let Lolius into the little

secret of my hair's original color. He will love me none the more. (*She pockets note*)

LOLIUS (*aside*). My mother was right. She *does* love the drum-major.

SELINA (*aside*). Ah! he has concealed *my* letter. Then he does care for someone else. He fancies he knows the writer, and will——

LOLIUS. Selina, darling, you have not shown me your letter. Come, you know the compact.

SELINA. I do, sir. Do you?

LOLIUS. Oh! you refer to this thing? (*Producing letter*)

SELINA. I do.

LOLIUS. My dear, it is something you wouldn't care to read.

SELINA. And you refer to this. (*Producing letter*)

LOLIUS. Most decidedly.

SELINA. My dear, *it* is something *you* would not care to read.

LOLIUS. May I enquire the writer's name?

SELINA. May I enquire the writer's name?

LOLIUS. How dare you mock me?

SELINA. How dare you mock me?

LOLIUS. I suspect you, madam.

SELINA. Ditto, sir!

LOLIUS. Until I see that note—until you expose what I suspect to be an infamous epistle from one of your old flames, I shall believe you to be inconstant.

SELINA. The same to you, sir.

LOLIUS. You really think that that is the nature of my letter. See, Selina, I swear——

SELINA. Probably, sir, when out of my presence.

LOLIUS. I swear there is nothing of interest in my letter.

SELINA. As I am equally positive there is less in mine.

LOLIUS. You are departing from the truth, Selina.

SELINA. Thank you, sir; so are you.

LOLIUS. I see I shall have to go to extremes against my will, Selina. I know the contents of that letter!

SELINA. And I, sir, know the contents of that letter.

LOLIUS (*aside*). She knows about my champagne bill?

SELINA (*aside*). He knows about my hair-dyeing account?

LOLIUS AND SELINA (*together*). Horrors!

ENTER JOHN JAMES *with two letters*.

JOHN JAMES. Letter for you, sir, and one for you, ma'am. (*They sit and open letters. A pause*)

SELINA. Thank you, Mr. Lovecott; but I am not so easily deceived. (*Rises*)

LOLIUS. Nor I, madam. This is your handwriting slightly disguised. (*Rises*)

SELINA. And this is yours, sir.

LOLIUS. I know your small t's and capital M's.

SELINA. And these are your small r's and capital L's.

LOLIUS. So you thought to catch me by such a simple ruse as this.

SELINA. What a pair of geese we are!

LOLIUS. Suppose we burn this nonsense and never mention the subject again.

SELINA. With all my heart. But what about the other letter? Is that a love letter, too?

LOLIUS. No, on my word of honor. Is yours?

SELINA. Indeed it isn't. Mine is a bill.

LOLIUS. So is mine. Strange coincidence! Here, you can look at it.

SELINA. And here is mine. (*They exchange bills*)

LOLIUS. Oh! is this all? What do I care whether your hair is red, green, or a bright crimson, so long as we're happy.

SELINA. As for the champagne account, I like it.

LOLIUS. What, the champagne?

SELINA. No, the bill; for it proves you have done with the extravagance of clubs, or they would not dun you for the money.

LOLIUS. I feel myself again! Oh, Selina!

SELINA. Oh! Lolius! (*They embrace*)

ENTER MRS. LOVECOTT, SR., and MRS. BUGSBY.

MRS. BUGSBY. Hey dey!

MRS. LOVECOTT. Well, I never!

LOLIUS. What, mother, back again?

SELINA. Oh! ma, we are so happy.

MRS. BUGSBY. Very glad to hear it.

MRS. LOVECOTT. My dear boy, it seems as if everything and everybody were coming to their senses. I put your letter in the box, and was just walking away when I saw Mrs. Bugsby coming down the street towards this house. So thinks I, I'll watch her; and there, if *she* didn't put a letter in the box, too. I went up to her and asked her what she was dropping letters in my son's box for, and then we got explaining things. I find out Mrs. Bugsby is an admirable woman—one after my own heart.

ENTER JOHN JAMES and CLEMENTINA.

CLEMENTINA. Please sir, please ma'am!

JOHN JAMES. Shut up. If you please, Mr. Lovcott—

CLEMENTINA. John James and me, sir; we were thinking—

JOHN JAMES. Be quiet, Clemmy. Why can't you let me speak? You see, sir, it's this way. Clemmy and me have been talkin' the matter over, and we've come to the exclusion that we can't do better than—

CLEMMY. It's not me so much as John James, ma'am, that came to that exclusion.

LOLIUS. I see. You've been arranging a matrimonial event of the future.

JOHN JAMES. Eggackerly, sir; and it's to come off next Sunday week.

LOLIUS (*laughingly*). You couldn't do better; but it is to be hoped that you will not write decoy letters.

CURTAIN.

# FARCES

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## TANGLES

*Farce in One Act. Four Males, Two Females*

BY C. LEONA DALRYMPLE

One interior scene. Bill Tracy accepts Mrs. Janeway's invitation to dinner, intended for his cousin, Phil. Tracy, who is Jack Janeway's cham. Elsie, her maid, advertised for a husband under the soubriquet of "Bright Eyes." Jenkins, Bill's valet, answers it as X. Y. Z. The mistakes in identity get them into a tangle of surprises, finally unraveled by Jack, who arrives opportunely. The "situations" are tremendously funny and keep the audience in roars of laughter. Plays forty-five minutes.

PRICE 15 CENTS

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## A NIGHT IN TAPPAN

*Farce in One Act. Two Males, Three Females*

BY O. B. DUBOIS

One interior scene. The action commences at 10:45 P. M., on the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. John Betts, quite unexpectedly, at the home of Mr. Augustus Betts, while Mrs. Augustus Betts is awaiting her husband's return from the city. The complications caused by a saucy, blundering, Irish servant, Mr. Augustus being entirely ignorant of the new arrivals, are screamingly bewildering. Plays about thirty minutes.

PRICE 15 CENTS

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## KISSING THE WRONG GIRL

*Farce in One Act. One Male, Two Females*

BY W. C. PARKER

No scenery needed. It is the case of a "cheeky" book-agent, two sisters who look much alike, all sorts of funny mistakes, and any number of ridiculous situations, that will keep the audience in a continuous roar of laughter. The piece can be played either "straight" or with specialties. Plays about thirty minutes.

PRICE 15 CENTS

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## THE NEW REPORTER

*Farce in One Act. Six Males, Two Females*

BY FRANKLIN JOHNSTON

One interior scene. Hobbs, the proprietor of a newspaper, is expecting a new reporter, whom he has engaged on trial. Nancy, Hobbs' daughter, persuades her lover, Jack, who is unknown to her father, to personify the new reporter, and gets to work. The blunders he makes, and the arrival of Tupper, the real reporter, result in a general flare-up, until explanations are made, and Tupper is persuaded by Nancy to retire in favor of Jack. Plays forty-five minutes.

PRICE 15 CENTS

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## MA'S NEW BOARDERS

*Farce in One Act. Four Males, Four Females*

BY W. C. PARKER

No scenery required. Mrs. Holdtight leaves her boarding-house in her daughter's charge. Prof. Alto-Gether calls a rehearsal of the village choir, but gives them the wrong address. The choir turns up at Mrs. H.'s, and are mistaken for new boarders. Then follows an uproarious series of incidents that end in the Professor's round-up. Can be played "straight" or with specialties. Excellent chance for single or double quartette. Plays thirty minutes.

PRICE 15 CENTS

# FARCES

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## SURPRISES

*Farce in One Act. Two Males, Three Females*

BY C. LEONA DALRYMPLE

One interior scene. On the anniversary of Ruth's wedding day her mother arrives, unannounced, as a surprise for her. Her husband plans to surprise her with the present of an Angora cat. The maid-servant conceals the mother in an adjoining room; the butler conceals the cat in the same room, and locks them both in. The result in both cases is unexpectedly surprising, and an imminent catastrophe is finally and most surprisingly averted. Plays thirty minutes.

PRICE 15 CENTS

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## A BACHELOR'S BABY

*Farce in One Act. Two Males, Two Females*

BY KATHARINE KAVANAUGH

One interior scene. An exceedingly comical sketch, depicting the woes of a struggling artist, on whose hands a baby is left while he is at the station awaiting his fiancée. Full of action from start to finish. Sure to be a success. Plays about thirty minutes.

PRICE 15 CENTS

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## RELATIONS

*Farce in One Act. Three Males, One Female*

BY GEORGE M. ROSENER

One interior scene. An inimitable sketch, full of rapid repartee and rollicking "Situations." Billie is a whole team in himself; his uncle and brother-in-law force the fun, but Billie comes out on top. The action is unflagging and irresistibly funny. Plays about twenty minutes.

PRICE 15 CENTS

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## TOO MANY HUSBANDS

*Farce in Two Acts. Eight Males, Four Females*

BY ANTHONY E. WILLS

One interior scene. Arthur Maitland, living with Harry and Milly Brown, draws a regular allowance from his uncle, Col. Crane, upon the plea of being married. The colonel requests a picture of the supposed wife, and Arthur, not having any ready at hand, forwards that of Milly, without her knowledge. He thereupon suddenly announces an immediate visit expressly to make the acquaintance of Milly. After much persuasion Milly undertakes to assume for the few hours the character of Arthur's wife. The colonel arrives, and thereupon follows a series of situations, complications and climaxes, which make this farce one of the most laughable. All the characters are good and strongly contrasted. Plays two hours.

PRICE 25 CENTS

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## A WHITE SHAWL

*Farce in Two Acts. Three Males, Three Females*

BY C. LEONA DALRYMPLE

One interior scene. Costumes modern. A cleverly arranged "Comedy of Errors," in which an elderly doctor's attempt at wooing a young girl already engaged—an old maid's efforts to secure a mate—and the strategy of two young men to defeat the doctor's aims all result in getting things tangled up in the most ludicrous manner. Woman's wit and a white shawl set matters right at last. Plays one and a half hours.

PRICE 15 CENTS

## MILITARY PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

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BY THE ENEMY'S HAND. 4 Acts; 2 hours .....	10	4
EDWARDS, THE SPY. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	10	4
PRISONER OF ANDERSONVILLE. 4 Acts; 2¼ hours..	10	4
CAPTAIN DICK. 3 Acts; 1½ hours.....	9	6
ISABEL, THE PEARL OF CUBA. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	9	3
LITTLE SAVAGE. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	4	4
BY FORCE OF IMPULSE. (15 cents.) 5 Acts; 2½ hours	9	3
BETWEEN TWO FIRES. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2 hours	8	3

## RURAL PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

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AMONG THE BERKSHIRES. 3 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	8	4
OAK FARM. 3 Acts; 2½ hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	7	4
GREAT WINTERSON MINE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	4
SQUIRE THOMPKINS' DAUGHTER. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	5	2
WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	4	4
FROM PUNKIN RIDGE. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1 hour...	6	3
LETTER FROM HOME. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 25 minutes	1	1

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25 CENTS EACH

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BACHELOR MAIDS' REUNION. 1 Scene.....	4	30
IN THE FERRY HOUSE. 1 Scene; 1½ hours.....	19	15
JAPANESE WEDDING. 1 Scene; 1 hour.....	3	10
MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE. 2 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	9
OLD PLANTATION NIGHT. 1 Scene; 1½ hours.....	4	4
YE VILLAGE SKEWL OF LONG AGO. 1 Scene.	13	12
FAMILIAR FACES OF A FUNNY FAMILY.....	8	11
JOLLY BACHELORS. Motion Song or Recitation.....	11	
CHRISTMAS MEDLEY. 30 minutes.....	15	14
EASTER TIDINGS. 20 minutes.....		8
BUNCH OF ROSES. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1½ hours.....	1	13
OVER THE GARDEN WALL. (15 cents.).....	11	8

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BUTTERNUT'S BRIDE. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	11	6
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COUNT OF NO ACCOUNT. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	9	4
DEACON. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	8	6
DELEGATES FROM DENVER. 2 Acts; 45 minutes.....	3	10
DOCTOR BY COURTESY. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	5
EASTSIDERS, The. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	8	4
ESCAPED FROM THE LAW. 5 Acts; 2 hours.....	7	4
GIRL FROM PORTO RICO. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3
GYPSY QUEEN. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3
IN THE ABSENCE OF SUSAN. 3 Acts; 1½ hours.....	4	6
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JOSIAH'S COURTSHIP. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	7	4
MY LADY DARRELL. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	9	6
MY UNCLE FROM INDIA. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	13	4
NEXT DOOR. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5	4
PHYLLIS'S INHERITANCE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	9
REGULAR FLIRT. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	4	4
ROGUE'S LUCK. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5	3
SQUIRE'S STRATAGEM. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	6	4
STEEL KING. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3
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